Proof

"A young woman of my parish was dying with consumption. Father John's Medicine cured her." (Signed) Rev. Father Pontur, Lafargeville, N. Y.

"I was cured of lung trouble and cough by Father John's Medicine." (Signed) E. S. Daly, 888 Wood Ave., Reading, Pa.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible — they not only give relief — they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

The Real Villain.

"Are you the villain of this troupe?" asked the baggeman who was handling theatrical trunks. "No," replied the youth with black, curly hair. "I used to be, but the real villain is the treasurer of the company, and by this time he must be about five hundred miles on his way to somewhere west." —Washington Star.

Friendly Blow.

Louis Brownlow, Washington newspaper man, paused in a drug store in Greensboro, S. C., not so long ago, to ask for a match. While he was there a young colored chap came running in with a big gash the whole length of his skull, and apparently a good deal put out about some accident that had befallen him.

"What's happened to you?" asked Brownlow, excitedly but sympathetically.

"A friend hit me with a hatchet," replied the bleeding stranger.

SPITEFUL.

Beatrice—Kitty's trousseau will fill 17 trunks.

Lillian—The poor girl. Jack hasn't money enough to pay overweight charges on more than two.

COFFEE THRESHED HER. 15 Long Years.

"For over fifteen years," writes a patient, hopeful little Ills. woman, "while a coffee drinker, I suffered from Spinal Irritation and Nervous trouble. I was treated by good physicians, but did not get much relief.

"I never suspected that coffee might be aggravating by condition. (Tea is just as injurious, because it contains *caffeine*, the same drug found in coffee.) I was down-hearted and discouraged, but prayed daily that I might find something to help me.

"Several years ago, while at a friend's house I drank a cup of Postum and though I had never tasted anything more delicious.

"From that time on I used Postum instead of coffee and soon began to improve in health, so that now I can walk half a dozen blocks or more with ease, and do many other things that I never thought I would be able to do again in this world.

"My appetite is good, I sleep well and find life is worth living. A lady of my acquaintance said she did not like Postum, it was so weak and tasteless.

"I explained to her the difference when it is made right—boiled according to directions. She was glad to know this because coffee did not agree with her. Now her folks say they expect to use Postum the rest of their lives." Name given upon request. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

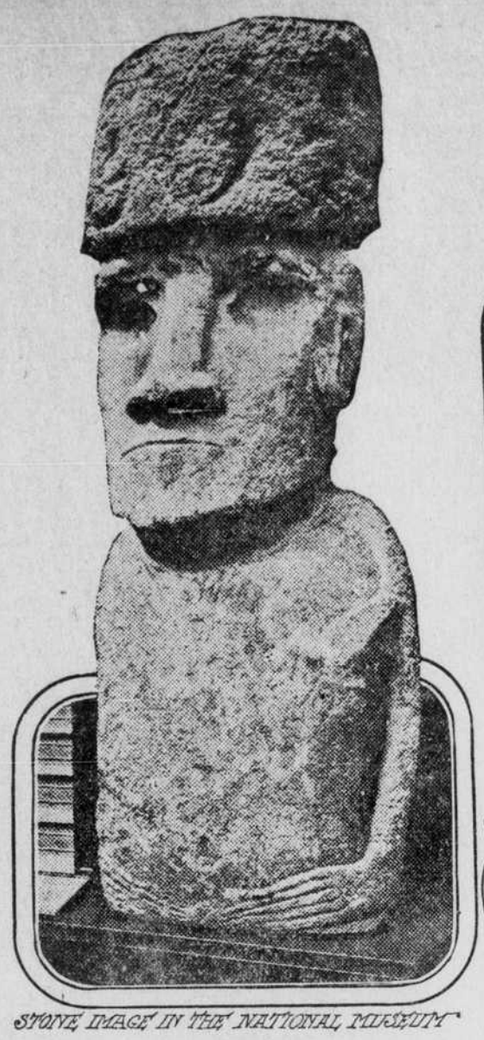
"Postum now comes in concentrated, powder form, called Instant Postum. It is prepared by stirring a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water, adding sugar to taste, and enough cream to bring the color to golden brown.

Instant Postum is convenient; there's no waste; and the flavour is always uniform. Sold by grocers—45 to 50-cup tin 30 cts., 90 to 100-cup tin 50 cts.

A 5-cup trial tin mailed for grocer's name and 2-cent stamp for postage. Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.—Adv.

EASTER ISLAND, THE MYSTERY OF THE PACIFIC

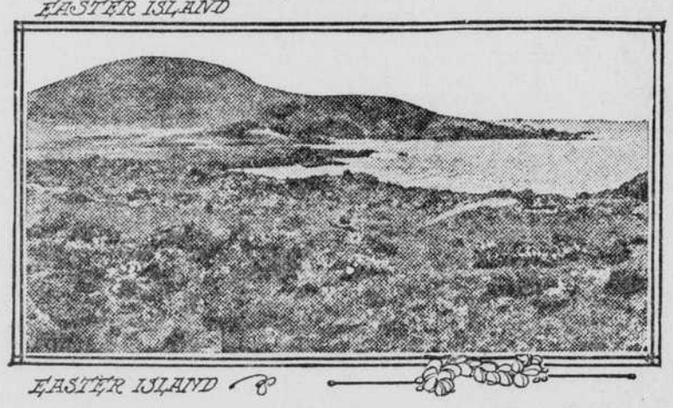
by HARRY O. SANDBERG



STONE IMAGE IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM

PRESENT DAY INHABITANTS OF EASTER ISLAND

SOME OF THE MONUMENTS ON EASTER ISLAND



EASTER ISLAND

ONCE again the luminous rays of the explorer are centered in the direction of Easter Island, the unsolved mystery of the Pacific. For another time the attention of archaeologists and students of antiquity is focused on this little spot, the most easterly of the Polynesian group of islands. Here, in the vast south Pacific ocean, lies this isle, volcanic in character, only 42 square miles in area, a mere speck of land, about one-fourth the size of Barbados, and yet surrounded by a charm of mystery possessed by few places in the world.

The island merged into the clear light of history early in the eighteenth century, when it was discovered by the Dutch captain, Jacob Roggeveen, in 1722. He gave to the island its present name in commemoration of the day on which land was sighted. Some 50 years later it was "rediscovered" by some Spanish sailors. From that time to the present day Easter Island has been visited, explored, and studied by noted travelers, scientists, and investigators from all lands, and it promises to afford these opportunities for expeditions for years to come.

Geographically considered, it lies 27 degrees 30 minutes south of the equator, so that it is not actually within the tropics. Its position is about 2,000 miles from the mainland of South America, and 1,400 miles distant from its nearest neighbor, the Pitcairn Islands. Within its limited area, triangular in shape, there are three craters of extinct volcanoes, one of them nearly 2,000 feet high. Some of the soil is fertile, and the island appears to have been wooded at one time, for decayed trunks of considerable size are still found; now, however, there thrive only a few bushes from 10 to 12 feet high. The natives grow many sorts of tropical fruits, including bananas, sugar cane, and sweet potatoes. Goats, fowl, sheep and a fair number of cattle are reared by the few hundred inhabitants, the sole dwellers of today in that mystic land. The climate is not unlike that of Madeira, with one wet and one dry season. The water supply consists of some brackish springs by the seashore and pools inside the craters of the volcanoes. All in all, however, the island is considered salubrious and healthful.

The chief interest of the island is to be found in the wonderful statues and other amazing archaeological remains. In its narrow and confined expanse it encompasses a mystery of vast proportions—an egima that has taxed the ingenuity of scientists quite as much as did of old the far-famed riddle of the Sphinx. In this tiny island is a remarkable display of hundreds of sculptured statues, colossal in size, and erected upon Cyclopean masonry; stone houses over 100 feet in length with walls six feet in thickness built like forts; and tablets curiously inscribed with hieroglyphics in no way resembling anything else in the world, doubtless the written language of the ancient inhabitants, but one to which the key has been lost.

Remarkable as all of these ruins are from the strangeness of their appearance, the greatest interest and the greatest problem which they present to us is the story that they might tell of the vanished civilization which erected them. That they are of prehistoric origin can not be questioned, but who were the builders of these wonderful specimens? What race of men or giants carved and placed in their present position the titanic stone heads that stand out in lonely majesty amid the barren wastes of this lonely little isle? Whence came these ancient workers in stone, and whither have they gone? What tools did they use to execute these singular statues and buildings, and in what epoch did they perform these curiosities?

Such fascinating questions and many others equally pertinent present themselves to the student, but, alas, the answer is yet to be had. Archaeologists must continue for a while longer to delve among the enshrouded mysteries of these ruins before they can reveal the true story of this world's wonderland. At present the chapters which have been written on the subject are comparatively few in number, and not conspicuously definite in context. Conjectures are as many as there are explorers, and the number of opinions ventured varies in the same ratio. Progress, as in all matters of science, is necessarily slow. But let us stop for a moment to examine these statues, and platforms, and relics, which have excited the student world, and to see what they are made of and how they were wrought.

By actual count there have been found no less than 550 of these images, most of which are cut out of gray trachitic lava. Of this number, 40 are standing inside the crater of one of the volcanoes, and as many more outside, at the foot of the slope, where they were placed ready for removal to the different platforms. These statues, morover, represent various stages of formation—some of them finished, others nearly completed, and still others barely commenced. In size they range from 3 or 4 feet to nearly 80 feet in length. The largest image, found in an unfinished state, measures 70 feet in length; the smallest is little short of 3 feet in length. Although these figures range in size from the colossus of 70 feet down to the pigmy of 3 feet, they clearly are all of the same type and general characteristics. The head is long and the eyes close under the heavy brows; the nose large, low bridged, and very broad at the nostrils; the upper lip short, and the lips pouting. The head is nearly always tilted backward. The lower part of the fact is broad and heavy, but imperfectly formed, the ears are long and pendant. The forms generally ended at the shoulders or at the waist, very little work being done below these points. One of the lesser statues has been brought to the National Museum at Washington, D. C., while another is on exhibition at the British Museum in London.

The striking feature about these figures is the strange facial expressions described as "profoundly solemn," "disdainful," and with "look of supercilious scorn."

The head was in all cases cut flat on top to accommodate an immense crown of red vesicular tuff, many of which were found at a crater eight miles distant from the cone, where the statues themselves were formed. Subsequent discoveries on the island have brought to light headdresses of real feathers, made up as crowns, coronets, and other shapes. The finding of these feather decotions which were used for ceremonial purposes has given strength to the belief that the immense stone crowns which were superimposed on the heads of the statues were intended to represent these feathered ornaments.

How these immense statues were cut out of their position inside the crater of the volcano and transported several miles to their respective platforms is one of the mysteries left for us to puzzle over. As for tools, a rude form of stone chisel is the only kind of ancient implement thus far found.

It is also remarkable that of the many hundreds of images scattered throughout the island there is but one that stands in its original position upon a platform, while the others are heedlessly strewn about. To some this fact seems conclusive proof that work on these huge productions ceased suddenly. But what caused the work to be so suddenly arrested? Did some volcanic eruption overtake the island? Such a conjecture is, indeed, not unreasonable, for closer investigation shows that some of the largest statues are buried to the neck in ash and scoria. But who can say with certainty?

Viewing the relics on the island in their entirety, however, one is impressed with the fact that when they were carried out a large population of skilled men must have concentrated upon the task. But where did this large population come from? Were Easter Island a continental land with ease of access, such an ample labor supply might have been available. But its geographic position precludes this possibility. Therefore another explanation must be sought. Now, nearly all students agree upon one point, and that is that the present territorial limitations of the place could not have harbored a very large number of inhabitants. First, there is no adequate water supply; and, secondly, there is not the area from which to win a sufficient food supply. This, then, suggests the theory, and one that is open to reasonable refutation, that Easter Island is the sole remnant of a greater land which was overwhelmed by the sea after a serious seismic disturbance.

Another speculation offered by a noted traveler is of particular interest because of the connection which he endeavors to point out between these ruins and those found in the highlands of Peru and Bolivia. This archaeologist develops the theory that the ancient peoples of Easter Island were the same race that centuries afterwards laid the foundations of the empires of the Incas and the Aztecs. These people, he continues, reached Easter Island from the Asian coast by traveling from one island to another across the intervening ocean and finally found their way to the American continent over land that has since disappeared beneath the waters of the Pacific. This theory, important if true, is, however, subject to objections. In a careful study of the Malayo-Polynesian archaeology and languages, embracing a period of nearly 30 years, the noted botanist and ethnologist, Prof. W. E. Safford, of the United States department of agriculture, makes the unqualified assertion that in all his attempts to trace a connection between the ancient relics of the Incas and Aztecs with those of the Polynesians, he has failed to find sufficient points of similarity to justify even such a possible relation. So the mystery continues and the origin and workers of Easter Island are yet to be learned.

Wooden tablets have also been discovered incised with hieroglyphics. These are of especial interest because of the remarkable skill with which they were executed. The writings read from left to right; then it is necessary to turn the tablet upside down and continue reading from left to right, repeating this process until the inscription is concluded. Figures of men, animals, geometric designs, constitute the alphabet. Though these incised tablets have not been deciphered, there is a general belief that they contain the ancient myths of the race which inhabited the land. Some assert that it is not so very long ago that there were those on the island who might have been able to read them. It should be recalled that up to 1864 there were several thousand inhabitants on Easter Island, but large numbers of them were taken from there and put to work in the guano diggings on the Chincha Islands. Among those it is thought there were many who knew the written language as appearing on the tablets. But the present inhabitants, less than 200 in number, know nothing of them except in a vague way

One particular feature was emphasized by Professor Safford in an interview which the writer had with him on the subject of the language of the island. He declared that a careful study of the language of the modern natives shows it to be essentially Polynesian without any vestige of foreign domination, but the most remarkable thing is its very close similarity to the language of the Hawaiians. Nearly all of the words, by certain fixed laws or changes, could be converted from the Easter Island language to that of Hawaii with similar meanings; even some of the ancient gods of Easter Island bear the same names as Hawaiian gods. And yet there has been no connection between these two islands, at least not in historic times, and what is stranger still, these two groups are separated from each other by an interval of 2,000 miles. This unusual constancy in the language of both is probably due to the fact that they had no near neighbors and no intrusions of people speaking a language different from their own. He also expressed the opinion that the carvers of the images were the ancestors of the modern inhabitants, and that all the elements of the archaeology of the islands except the wonderful hieroglyphics are characteristically Polynesian.

CUT THIS OUT

Recipe that Breaks a Cold in a Day and Cures Any Curable Cough.

"From your druggist get half ounce of Globe Pine Compound (Concentrated Pine) and two ounces of Glycerine. Take these two ingredients home and put them into a half pint of good whiskey; shake well and use in doses of one to two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bedtime." Smaller doses to children according to age. But be sure to get only the genuine Globe Pine Compound (Concentrated Pine). Each half ounce bottle comes in a sealed tin screw-top case. If your druggist does not have it he will quickly get it. Many mixtures are of large quantity and cheaper, but it is risky to experiment. This formula comes from a reliable doctor and is certain. This was first published here six years ago and local druggists say it has been in constant demand ever since. Published by the Globe Pharmaceutical laboratories of Chicago.

Irreclaimable Skeptic.

How big an income should a young man have before he is justified in getting married? This question is asked in various departments of the Sunday papers at various seasons of the year, and it is variously answered. Conditions change and domestic happiness changes with the conditions..

The best answer we remember to have heard was given by a cynical bachelor and skeptic last week. This person was in the newspaper office when the woman editor opened her mail and read forth this question:

"Could a young couple be happy on $900 a year?"

"Sure they could," answered the skeptic eagerly. "They couldn't live together on it."

When the Peanuts Ran Out.

For two hours an old back countryman, who had never before seen an elephant, had been standing before a row of them in enrapt silence dealing out peanuts one at a time. When the last was gone and no more forthcoming, Jumbo, the largest elephant, reached over and removed the entertainer's hat from his head to the top of a lion's cage nearby.

For the first time in two hours the old man expressed his emotions in words: "You old two-tailed Indian-rubber nuisance you!" he exclaimed indignantly. "If I knew which end your head was on, I'd slap your face."

Acid Kills Waterfowel.

That sulphuric acid, discharged into the water of Great Salt Lake, Utah, is responsible for the death of two million water fowl last year has been ascertained by Dr. Buckley of the pathological division of the bureau of animal industry. The American Game Protective association sent Dr. Buckley to Salt Lake City, thinking that some contagious disease caused the death of so many birds.

A cloth jacket is warmer than a furlined coat, there being less temptation to leave it open.

BACKACHE IS DISCOURAGING

"Every Picture Tells a Story"

Backache makes life a burden. Headaches, dizzy spells and distressing urinary disorders are a constant trial. Take warning! Suspect kidney trouble. Look about for a good kidney remedy.

Learn from one who has found relief from the same suffering.

Get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Sweet had.

A Connecticut Case

Eugene Sweet, 84 Talman St., Norwich, Conn., says: "For weeks I was sick in bed so helpless I couldn't turn over. I suffered tortures from the sharp pains across my loins, and was greatly troubled by profuse passages of the kidney secretions. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me completely after doctors failed."

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